

## Graveland

# "And The Horn Was Sounding Far Away"

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When my spirit was roaming among the winter's fog I  
saw my grey brother  
wolf  
drinking my blood. My body lay on the snow, disabled,  
mortally wounded.  
I, the last of the mountain's clan. Pursued and wounded  
by enemies,  
Passed away in this place.  
I'm still hearing the horn sounding far away, Herds of  
ravens are  
following  
there. But I can't get there anymore...I am so far from  
my burnt home.  
I see the snow falling on my face,  
But I am not able to throw it down.  
I see my eyes closed  
And mouths congealed in pain,

They will never say anything anymore...  
Winds bring the black clouds...  
Soon the thick snow will fall.  
Wind! Hide my dead body!  
I hear my persecutors are coming...  
I will regenerate In the shape of wolf with black bristle  
I will draw my fangs In the river of enemies' blood!  
Lyrics by: Darken '96

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